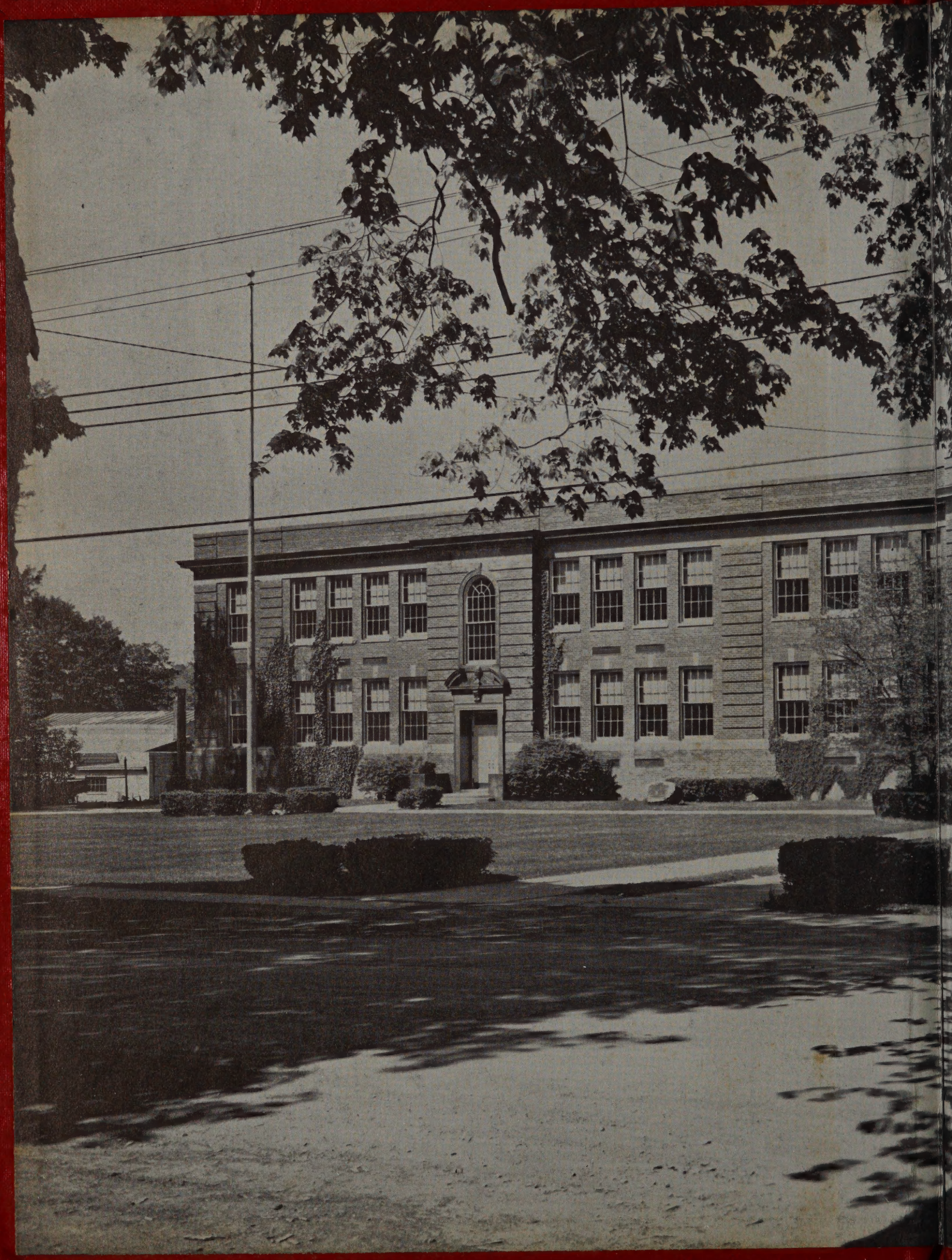
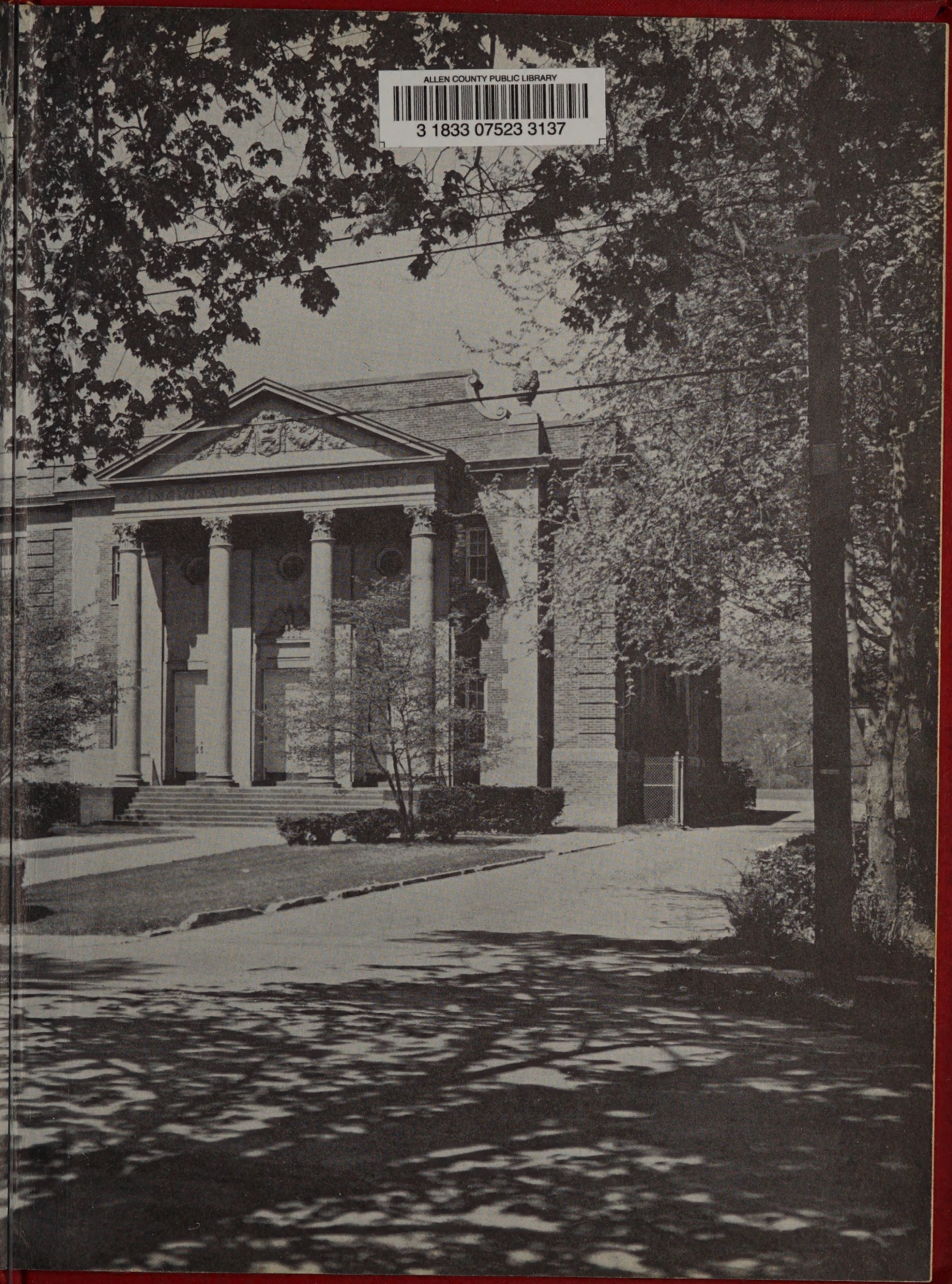
The Lion

1955





OUR TOWN

THROUGH THE SEASONS

SUMMER	FALL	WINTER	SPRING

A DRAMA IN 4 ACTS

PRESENTED BY THE

CLASS OF '55

CAST of CHARACTERS

in order of their appearance

ACT I--SUMMER

Fourth of July
Summer Activities in Town
Robinson's Party
School Board Meeting

ACT II--FALL

Miss Morgan's fourth grade
F. F. A. Parent Banquet
School Fair, F. H. A.
Mrs. DeMond's third grade
Fall Sports
Guidance, Music, Junior Red Cross
Mrs. Dodge's kindergarten
Mrs. Hartquist's second grade
Miss Adams's first grade

ACT III---WINTER

Mrs. Premru's kindergarten
Christmas Music Program
Student Senate Christmas Party
White Christmas Ball, Blue Moon Prom
Latin Department, Yearbook Workshop
Varsity and Junior Varsity cheerleaders
Varsity and Junior Varsity basketball
Seventh grade, Junior High basketball
Eighth Grade, Junior High cheerleaders

ACT III--(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Carr's fourth grade
Mrs. McNally's fifth grade
Mr. Michaud's fifth grade
PTA Banquet, Girls' and Boys' Chorus
Mrs. Andrew's third grade
Junior plays and party
Freshmen, Sophomores
Mrs. Ingersoll's first grade
Mrs. Maricle's second grade

ACT IV--Scene 1--EARLY SPRING

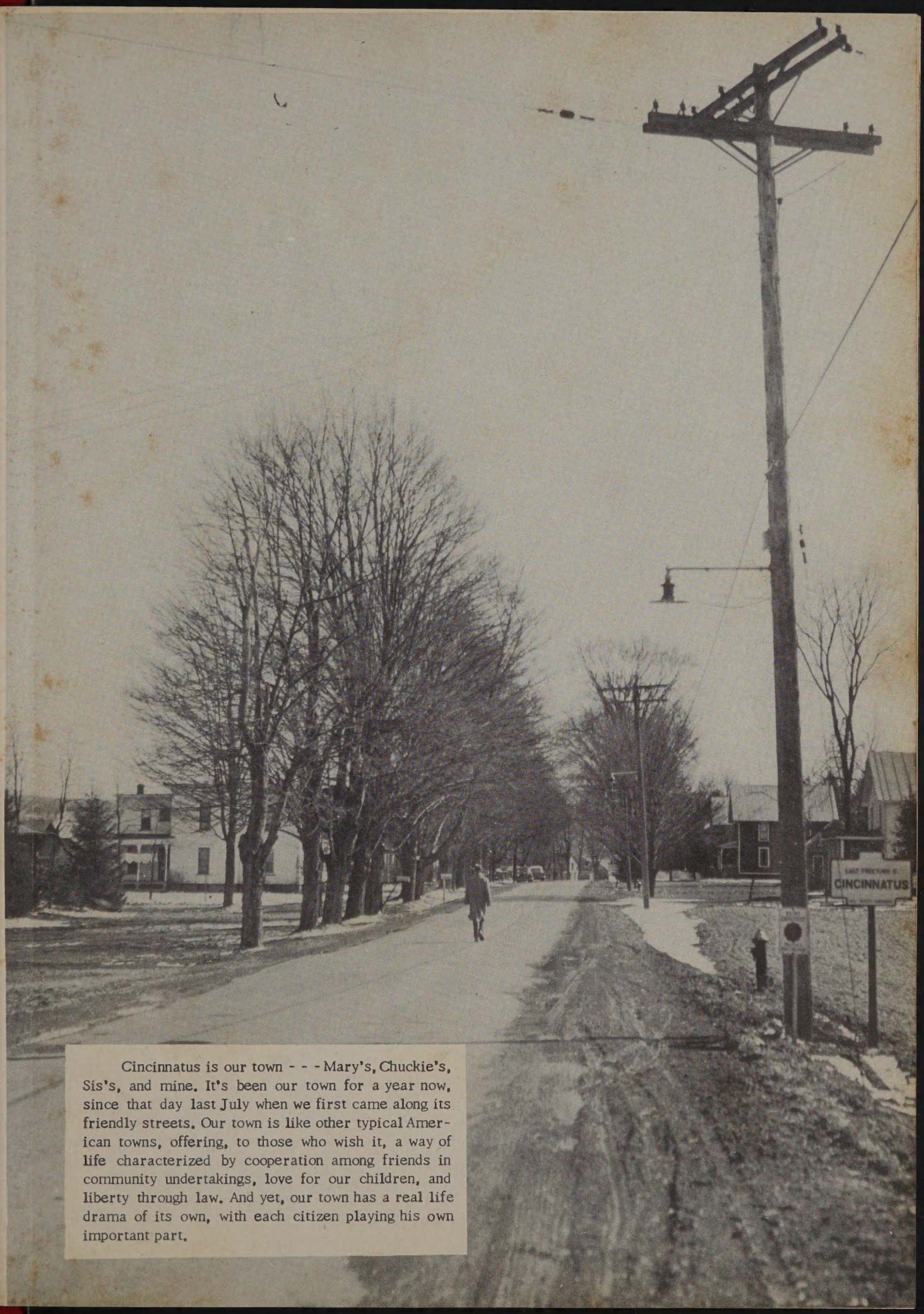
Spring Sports
Mrs. Burke's sixth grade
Junior Plays (class of '55)
Student Day, Student Senate
Miss Wood's second grade
Mrs. Mudge's sixth grade
Willet School
Library, Science Club, Junior Band
Moving Up Day

ACT IV--Scene 2--LATE SPRING

Junior-Senior Picnics, teacher parties
Alumni Banquet
Parent-Senior Banquet
Dedication
Baccalaureate
Class Night
Senior Personals
Class Key

The Class of '55 wishes to thank everyone who has helped to make this production

We hope that, as you watch our play, you will think back over some of the experiences you have had since you have been a part of our town.



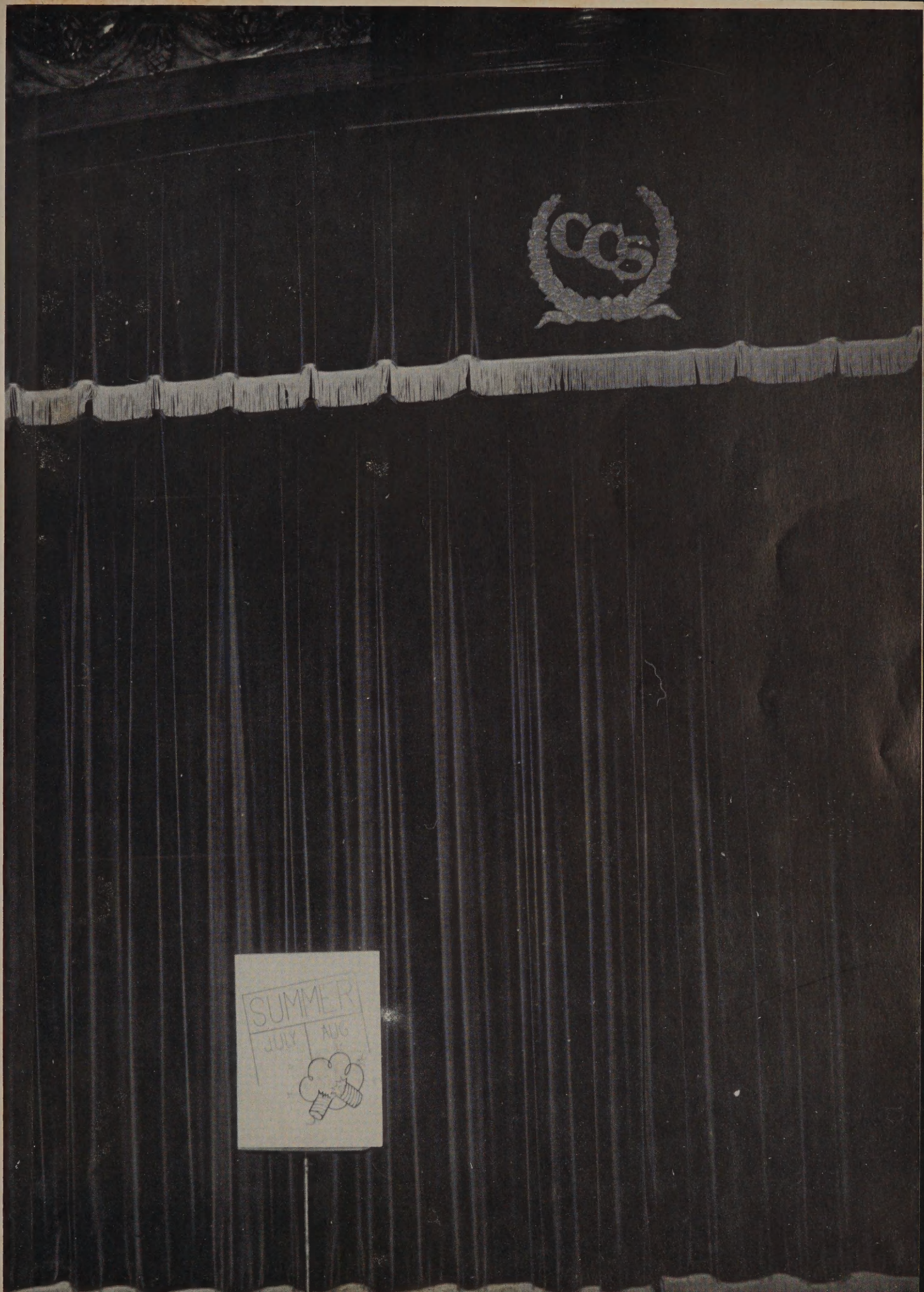
Cincinnatus is our town - - - Mary's, Chuckie's, Sis's, and mine. It's been our town for a year now, since that day last July when we first came along its friendly streets. Our town is like other typical American towns, offering, to those who wish it, a way of life characterized by cooperation among friends in community undertakings, love for our children, and liberty through law. And yet, our town has a real life drama of its own, with each citizen playing his own important part.

Oh--oh, looks like the orchestra's ready to start playing. We'd better hurry and find a seat --"Excuse me, sir, may we sit here? Go on in, Mary--Yes, Chuckie, you may go sit with the boys--but keep the noise down! --Oh, Hi! Neighbor. Yes, it does look like there'll be a good crowd out tonight. See you after the show."

It doesn't seem possible that this is Class Night--that another June, with all its Commencement hustle and bustle is here again--that this time, our Sis will be a part of the cap and gown parade--why, next year, Chuckie will be the only one who can give us the school news, tell us the funny things.

Always, when I walk up to the school entrance, the dignity and beauty of it impresses me--and tonight, it came over me, as never before, that the school is the heart of our town--what would we do without the music programs to enjoy, the athletic teams to support, the dances -- the school kids jamming Lincoln's every noon, just when we're at our hungriest, too! --how would we ever face the awesome task of training our children to be effective, happy citizens, without our school to help us.

"What's that, Mary? Oh -- no, I don't know what that boy is carrying out on stage. Let's see--why, Mary, it looks like those stage cards they had in the vaudeville shows we used to go to--if that's the case, the curtain must be about ready to go up on the first act of 'Our Town Through the Four Seasons'--Good luck, Sis--


CG
SUMMER
JULY
AUG

Look, Mary! Must be they're beginning with the 4th of July--there's a parade forming -- the band's lining up. Hearing the band, now, takes me back to last 5th of July when we got acquainted with Cincy. We'd just moved here a couple days before that, and we were all feeling a bit strange; Sis was sort of worried about starting her Senior year in a new town, and Chuckie--well, I guess 4th graders never do like to be uprooted. They needn't have worried though. People are so friendly here! Our neighbors invited us to go with them to see the "doings" on the 5th, and we gladly accepted.

I can still remember what a great variety of floats there was. Crowning Mrs. Cincy was the climax of the parade.

Then the Little Leaguers showed their stuff. The Borden team showed them!

"Remember, Mary, how we stuffed ourselves at the Legion dinner last year? Those women sure know how to cook--"

That was the day Chuckie took all my spare change. Said he just loved to ride the ponies.

That evening the firemen played around like a bunch of kids trying to see who could get the wettest. Before that they'd staged a demonstration that made us realize how efficient our department really is.

Fireworks and the dance really finished the day--and us!

Found out soon that the firemen weren't the only ones in Cincy who like to splash; the school sponsored swimming lessons at the Wickwire pool in Cortland. Before they were over, Chuckie got to be a first class swimmer.

Telephone and tennis took up most of Sis's time. I even joined the Brackle softball team. Didn't know if my old bones would take it, but when we won the championship, I figured all that "Ben Gue " hadn't been wasted.

You know, I guess we all improve with practice. Even Mrs. Bennet goes to a cook's school every summer, and everybody knows what good food and service our school's cafeteria always gives.

Say, what party is that on stage now? Those kids certainly seem to be having a rollicking time! Listen: "Mr. Robinson, in appreciation of all the understanding and patience you have shown us, we wish to present this gold watch." That must be the seniors' former advisor. I've heard Sis's pals talk about what a good teacher he was.

I guess when a community has good teachers, it has the school board to thank. That board deserves lots of credit anyway---found that out when I went to that "big school" meeting last summer. They discussed the need for new school busses. Said that when bus drivers work as hard as ours do to keep our children safe, they deserve the best equipment to help them. That was the night I met Mrs. Rathbun, the District Superintendent, for the first time---she had some important things to say and Mr. Newkirk who had a hard time taking down the minutes fast enough to keep up with all the discussion, but he managed.

Speaking of being fast enough, as I left the board meeting I saw where the janitors had been trying to get their many tasks finished, getting ready for school to begin. Guess they managed, too.

After the meeting, I felt MUCH wiser and more secure about my children's educational future.

"Well, Mary, there's the curtain. Guess I'll check the program again. Looks as though there are enough ad pages to keep me busy all three intermissions.

Just as, throughout the year, we help to support our community's chief industry by serving free milk to the kindergartens every afternoon and by encouraging all school children to "drink more milk"; so, the producers of "OUR TOWN THROUGH THE FOUR SEASONS" Ask you to support our advertisers in every season of the year.


CCS

"Hurry up Johnny! You don't want to be late the FIRST day of school!"

Say, Mary, doesn't that line remind you of last fall when we watched Sis and Chuckie take off for their first day of school here? Remember how they were a little afraid of the newness of it all, but when Sis left Chuckie in Miss Morgan's fourth grade room, and he saw some of his summertime friends, he began to feel easier.

He came home that noon all set to go right out and look for moss to put in the terrarium they were going to make. When Christmas came, Chuckie asked us if he could pick out our Christmas tree all by himself....they'd been studying evergreens . . . he chose a dandy!

Miss Morgan manages to get quite a lot of variety into their school work . . . studying the Eskimos left Chuckie with an unholy desire to eat blubber . . . thank goodness we talked him out of that! They took time out from their school work long enough for a Christmas party and a Valentine party . . . Chuckie must be growing up; he doesn't think parties are "sissy" anymore!

Guess Sis was busy that first day, too, what with learning her locker combination and trying to take in all those important announcements that morning in assembly.

That first assembly where Mr. Dodge announced the school fair date really stirred things up. We never saw so much fudge as we had that week. And what a time we had chasing Chuckie's rabbit through the house!

By the morning of the fair, though, Chuckie had his rabbit groomed, and Sis had turned out a prize batch of fudge. The kids persuaded us to come over and see the exhibits.

Everywhere I looked I could see the jackets of the F.F.A. boys. They certainly did a good job of sponsoring this fair. Guess they do a good job in all their projects. Folks say their parent-son banquet in the spring was a fine example of how the school tries to further the agricultural interests of the community. The F.F.A. even thought enough of their school superintendent to make her an honorary member of their group.

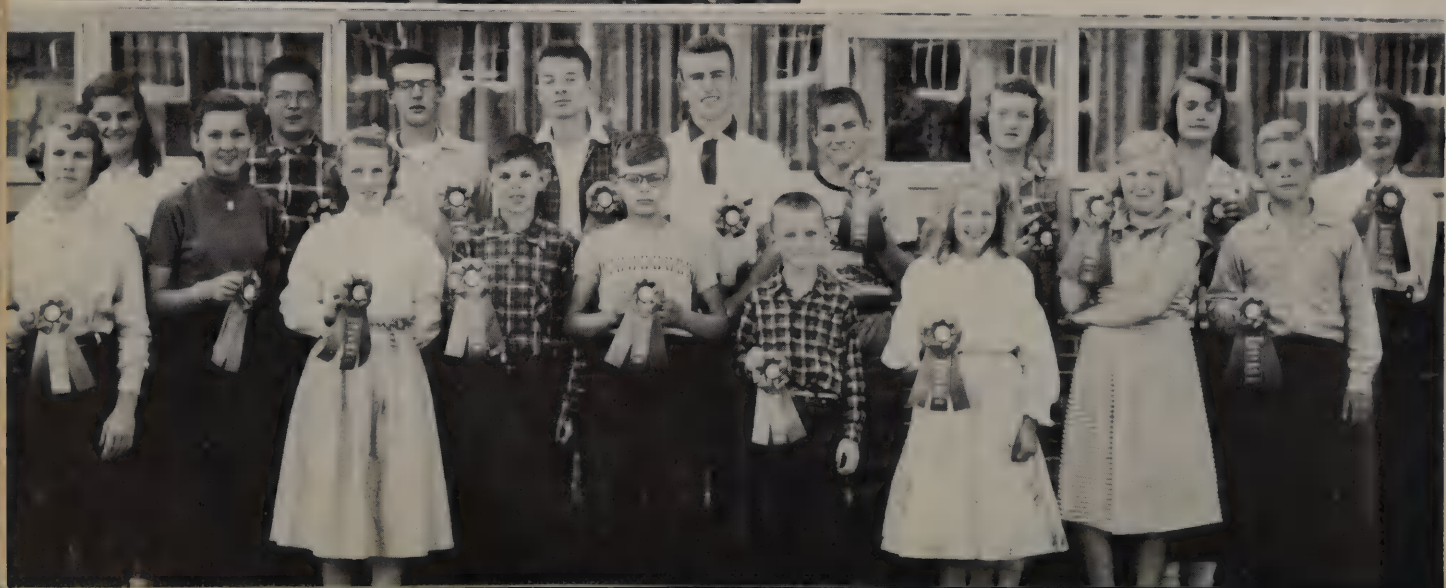
With an advisor like Mr. Dodge behind a group, it couldn't help but succeed. After all, it takes good leadership to be the President of the State Vocational Agriculture Association; of course, Sis says his most important job is taking pictures for the yearbook!

But then, Sis has her own ideas about everything. She took me over to see the "feminine side of the Fair." I was certainly impressed by the new homemaking house that the F. H. A. had cleaned until it shone.

That new kitchen can mean really practical experience for future Cincinnatus homemakers. They won't have to worry about having their clothes in the latest style, either; Miss Van Vorce has really shown them a lot about sewing.

In fact, the whole fair showed the good planning of the fair officers and advisors.

There were some mighty thrilled kids that day when the prize winners were announced, but the cup winners were kept in suspense. Sis told us they were announced later on in the assembly.



My! Those third graders must have learned a lot about different kinds of materials, by the looks of those exhibits on stage, but then these children must have learned quite a few homemaker's tricks by the time June came 'round---Chuckie told us one day how hungry he'd become when he'd gone past Mrs. DeMond's room and they were making and eating their own breakfast.---Travel won't hold any terrors for them now, either, not after taking a train trip from Cortland to Marathon---buying their own tickets and everything.

According to Chuckie, all the grades have Valentine parties---guess that's a pretty well established custom---we even did that back in my day!

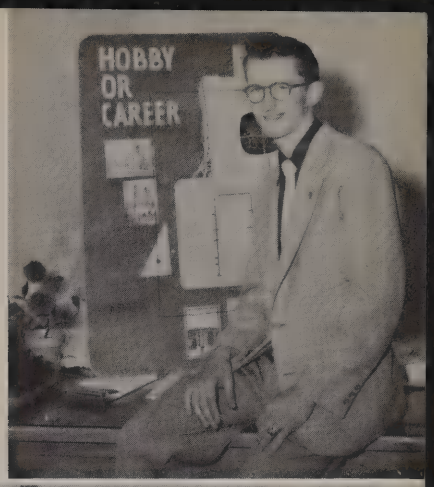
Back then we never learned so much about the world around us. Last fall I saw some of them gathering leaves for their study of nature---flowers---trees---burdocks. These third graders got to know Indians like their next door neighbors, too.

That Indian Pow-wow noise reminds me of a cheer the cheerleaders used at soccer games. I didn't get to as many games as I'd like, but I did get to the game where Cincy upset Marathon, and I did happen by one day just when the squad was getting its picture taken.

Coming home that night from the soccer game I saw a couple of fellows loping down the street--they told me this was a new sport in Cincy--they surely took hold of it fast! Art Allen and Johnny Rathbone even got into the sectionals--in fact, took first and second places.

The Athletic Association is always so proud of the whole sports program; I'll bet they're getting a special bang out of Cross Country.

Cross Country--seemed like Sis was always going off somewhere this fall. The high school English classes took a couple busses to see "Julius Caesar" in Cortland. The Guidance Department sponsored trips to CSTC and Morrisville--two year college was a new idea to Sis. She went to talk to Mrs. Pepper about it. In fact, the guidance office is a familiar place to many of the "kids." Couple nights later Mrs. Pepper took a bus load of juniors and seniors to Cortland State where Sis got her first taste of George Bernard Shaw seeing his play, "Pygmalion."



A few days later Sis came home all surprised. She'd been elected to Music Council. That means she had to supervise the practice rooms the music students use after their lessons.

Chuckie would have been busy, too, except that he caught a bad cold and missed his grade's Halloween party. Still he felt pretty important 'cause he had to visit the nurse the day he went back--said the only other people in there were some high school students trying to plan time for their Junior Red Cross meeting.

Isn't that an attractive kindergarten room on stage! It's surprising how many things kindergarteners learn through their play activities. From what Mrs. Dodge tells me, rhythm band gives them a good sense of rhythm and coordination--- I remember she also said that learning to eat away from home was an essential part of every child's education and that kindergarteners seemed to enjoy learning along with their friends.

That snow man they're stuffing is going to be a fat one; they're putting newspaper into him pretty enthusiastically! That train looks as if riding on it would be fun. Very clever way they made it themselves---nail kegs and orange crates ---hmm, it'd be an effective way to learn about travel, too, I should think.

It seems as if quite a few of the grades were going on traveling sprees last fall---the second graders got sea fever along about then and their room looked like a boat yard--they turned out a pretty seaworthy ship---Columbus couldn't have done better himself!--and then they wrote a play so they'd have an "official" reason for making their boat. They were busy helping Santa out around Christmas time---one of Mary's friends was proudly displaying a clay pin her little girl had made for her in school. Seems that they'd been weaving different materials and working with clay.

The whole grade school talked for days about their assembly, it was a circus---what won't second graders tackle?! ---last fall they studied seeds and made a collection--then in the spring it was a scrapbook about growing things---then they studied health, and made some posters.

Posters---say, Miss Adams's first grade made some good ones for the display in Fritz's window, during National Education Week. The posters and all the student work shown helped to call some well deserved attention to the school.

The little first grader next door told us they'd made a colored Christmas tree and put names on it and sent it to one of the student teachers that they'd liked especially. He was awfully proud of the folder with his work in it that he was going to give his mom for Christmas. Miss Adams had promised that they would learn to tell time, too, maybe they would even make a clock with movable hands, to help them.

They were going to learn about the Post Office later and use their lockers for mailboxes. Finger painting and learning numbers with ice cream spoons---making a weekly trip upstairs to the library---some fun---but meaningful, too!

"Oh, Mary; look! 'Member the day you went uptown and met that group of kindergarteners on a snow walk? Must be they like walking. Sis saw them last fall "touring" the school---going to the main office---nurses' office--cafeteria. Later, they had fun marching in their first Hallowe'en parade in the gym and then a more serious walk---when the buzzer sounded for their first fire drill and they marched out so straight and solemn.

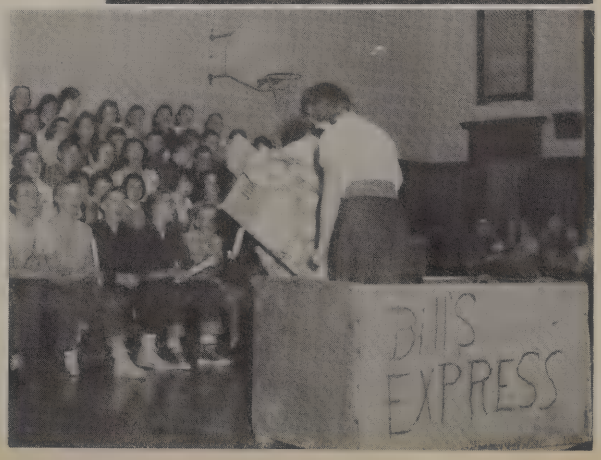
I remember talking with parents of a kindergartener last fall---said they were really going to celebrate Thanksgiving right this year. Their little girl had been studying about Pilgrims---first Thanksgiving and everything---she was telling them just how to do it.

Doesn't that snowman they're making look real? And look at that mural! All that snow makes me shiver! Not much like this hot Class Night in June! Somehow, snow always makes me think of Christmas. Come to think of it, Mary said that when she was over at A.B. Brown's, doing some Christmas shopping last winter, Mrs. Premru and her group came into Toyland. She said that when they looked at all the toys, their eyes got so BIG---! Sure was a lot going on for everyone last Christmas.

Didn't the music department help to make Christmas a lot more meaningful? It showed what the School and Community can do when they get together. The primary chorus certainly did a lively version of "Up on the House Top" . . . "O Holy Night" had a new loveliness when the grade and high school choruses sang it together.

What a thrill the Community Orchestra was playing for the carol sing and accompanying the Massed Chorus as they sang "The Song of Christmas." Who'd ever expect to see a minister, a truck driver, a college student and a primary child all working together in a music program in a small community? The whole evening was a tremendous tribute to the Music Department and the Wilburs.

As if this exertion wasn't enough, the Department had to turn around and help with the High School Christmas party the next day. Parents were invited . . . Mary went over . . . said she would have never known that Bill Abbey was Santa, except she saw his stamp on the pack. I'll bet Greg Pryor was surprised when he got Bobbie Duncan as his gift.



Almost before Mary could get out, Sis and the rest of the seniors began to decorate for the White Christmas Ball. Sis came home tired and dirty around 7:30, but after much splashing and "Mother, where's my . . .!" she came down the stairs looking like the fairy princess in the storybook Mother'd read her such a little while ago.

Mary and I went over for a little while . . . Sis'd been so enthusiastic . . . and even the unexpected visit of three skunks didn't spoil the beauty of the ball. That crowning . . . how well I remember it . . . White Christmas loveliness . . . beauty . . . the cutting of the ribbon . . . and the court singing to the new king and queen . . . "may all your Christmases be white."

Mary and I thought it was the loveliest thing ever, but we were told that this class's "Blue Moon Prom" their junior year had been just as memorable, with Mr. Robinson introducing the Prince and Princess after Mr. Merhige and his "Carol" had "tapped" them during the dancing.

Christmas --- how many things it brings to mind!

How many of our activities Christmas covers. It even crept into Latin. Sis told at the dinner table about the Latin Department's assembly, how they'd sung Christmas Carols before they'd presented "Little Red Riding Hood" in Latin. She said it really made a hit. In fact, the kids were beginning to wonder whether Latin is a dead language --- the bulletin board has shown them all year how "Latin Lives Today!"

Sis said Christmas didn't last half long enough --- when she went back to school, she and the rest of the class plunged head first into yearbook work --- Mrs. Pepper even made it part of their English class --- Sis said they surely appreciated that!

She talked a lot about "editor Jane," too --- said that Jane had had to withstand a lot of criticism and "hanging back" till the class understood what she was trying to do --- then she won the whole-hearted respect and cooperation of the group by keeping before them the idea that the job must be done, and well done, and by pitching in and working herself to a standstill, too. Must have been sort of a tough job, at times, trying to keep everyone else from staying discouraged --- especially when she felt low, too! But thanks to a sense of humor and the class's ability to work together as a team, the last page FINALLY went in!

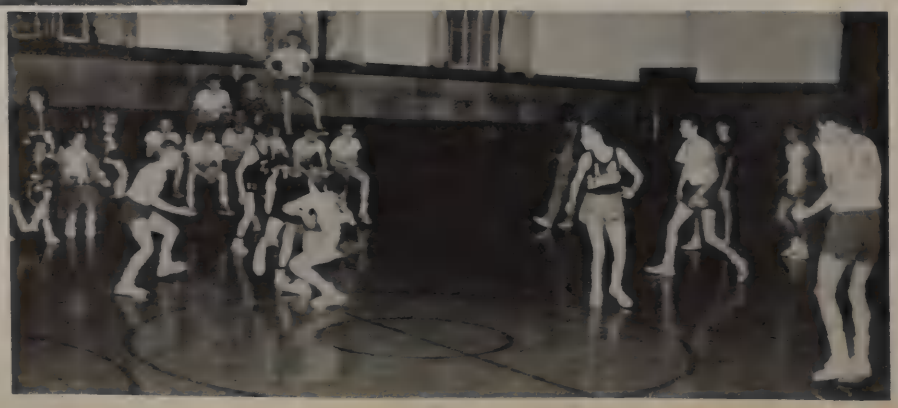
Basketball was now the big social event. At every ball game, between quarters, little girls were jumping all over the hall---imitating the cheerleaders---I can remember Sis doing the same thing a few years ago ---they did a good job at the games--really put their hearts into cheering----

Chuckie's set was hero-worshipping the varsity. They thought that was quite a game, when Cincy beat Truxton in an overtime-period---and so did everyone else! Truxton seemed to be one of Cincy's arch rivals---we ended the season tied with them for third place in the Cortland County League---then when tournament time came around, we were matched up with Truxton again---when we won, 46-44, everyone in Cincy just about went wild. Even though they didn't make it to the sectionals, Mr. Springer and his Varsity team did Cincinnatus proud.

The JV team held their own, too. In fact, both teams were a credit to their school with their enthusiasm and good sportmanship. The JV's felt bad about losing their coach, Mr. Merhige. Sis said the boys really thought the world of him and they didn't know what they'd do without his jokes in a tight spot.

His seventh grade felt the same way about him, I guess. They gave him a combination birthday and farewell party. Miss Van Vorce's class wanted to go too, Sis said, but they had an important class meeting, (duty before pleasure).

One afternoon when Sis was coming home from a yearbook meeting, she heard a lot of yelling coming from the gym. Being a woman, her curiosity got the better of her and she peeked in to see what was going on. Those seventh and eighth graders were playing their hearts out.



And the cheerleaders were behind them all the way. Eighth graders do lots of different things these days. Mrs. Pepper told me that now they take "exploratory" courses to help them choose their high school majors---Sounds like a good idea to me. Wish I could have experimented with Ag or HOME ECONOMICS or Art. Might have made some man a good wife!

Is that an Eskimo on that stage? I believe it! Their social studies classes must be interesting if that one is a sample . . . fishing, the prairie and the desert . . . no end of things in social studies, so it's not hard to see why the classes are so good . . . wish I could read that school work on the board . . . it looks like mathematics, from here . . . fourth graders always do have quite a time with mathematics, anyway . . . Chuckie's sweat blood over it this last year.

Everyone likes to count money, like those kids on the other side of the stage are doing . . . if you could learn all your arithmetic that way, it'd be ok! . . . I'd like to have been around when they did their special unit on rubber trees . . . maybe I could've found out why my tire blew out yesterday.

I remember one day when Mrs. Carr and her grade got Chuckie's curiosity up. They had a woman in to talk to them, and Chuckie didn't know who she was . . . the next day he found out it'd been Mrs. Barnes, the county health nurse . . . she'd talked to the children about her job of helping people to keep well.

That makes me think of the health posters Mrs. McNally's fifth grade made. Seems like that would be a good way for kids to learn about proper foods to eat. It would get the important points across---make their room more attractive, too.

That fifth grade room is always decorated somehow. Back at Christmas time, it looked like one big Christmas card---those table decorations they made out of evergreens and fungi were something!---The hooked rugs they made a little later would have made good Christmas presents---I guess they used them to decorate their pioneer cabin, though. Chuckie said that from the hum he heard whenever he went past that room, Mrs. McNally's make-believe frontiersmen got a bang out of playing the part.

Mrs. McNally was telling Mary that the grade visited an industrial plant ---some of the things they saw there would probably have made the first Pioneers' eyes pop! She was also telling Mary about the bread the kids had made, to go along with their study of yeast--wonder if the girls wanted to bake it in pioneer ovens since they were so wrapped up in pioneers--bet they'd settle for a good old modern stove pretty quickly, after they'd tried the other!

Mr. Michaud's fifth grade got into the pioneer spirit, too---they thought square dancing was just "the greatest."

I guess Art had quite a lot of influence on all their studies. They finger painted, made a social studies mural; young Rembrandts painted Christmas scenes on the windows. They did a lot with English, too---wrote their own true tale of "Mighty Mouse"---wrote compositions on "still"---got some radio work in, by making their own newscasts in the morning. Mr. Michaud is so musical,it's no wonder that the whole grade enjoyed music so much---they learned about two part singing and some of the pupils demonstrated their musical instruments for the rest of the class.

With all this fun, they got their share of the three R's, too---now where in the world did I get all this information? Oh yes, it was at the January PTA meeting. The fifth grade mothers served the refreshments there.

In February, the PTA had a Founders' Day Banquet instead of their regular meeting. I hadn't had such good fried chicken in ages! The PTA had put it on as a money-making deal, as well as a social event--it was a success both ways--after dinner, with all the music on the program, the talk turned to the school music department.

The Girls' and Boys' Choruses had been practicing hard for the County Music Festival February 12; then that was postponed till March--adding the Festival to the Spring Concert and NYSSMA contest made spring a busy time for the Music Department. If it hadn't been for Mr. Wilbur and Mrs. Harris, no one knows how it WOULD have been done--so well done, too.

"Oh, Dear, just look at that sweet little boy and girl up there on the stage--and that awful old witch! I'd guess they had lots of fun getting ready to do this Hansel and Gretel scene!

"I bet they did, too, Mary -- that's Mrs. Andrews' grade, isn't it? They're always doing such interesting things like that unit on materials --weaving on hand looms--and Chuckie heard that when they studied Indians, they even made cornhusk dolls -- how school has changed since my day!"

Chuckie's grapevine kept him up on a lot of the third graders' doings. He could tell us all about it when they made their big study of dairying. I hope all the day-after-tomorrow's dairy farmers will know as much about their job! A trip to Borden's, reported Chuckie, was the highlight of this unit. He was interested in their study of weather in the winter, too. When he found out that they were going to go see Mr. Sawyer's display of old cars -- well, he sort of WANTED to skip school and go with them--that bright idea didn't work out too well as I remember it, though--the third graders enjoyed it, anyway.






The Juniors enjoyed getting ready to put on their plays, too--when they finally got to do them! It's like they said when they gave Mrs. Pepper her flowers, "Neither sickness, nor exams, nor bad roads could prevent Mrs. Pepper and the Juniors from producing" a couple of really outstanding plays. Bet Miss Dowdle and Mr. Ross were proud of their class!

Next day Sis told us that three of the Juniors' mothers had given the class a party after the plays. The food and fun were just what they needed to relax them after all those weeks of hard work. Art Allen and "Blue" were the hit of the party!

The Sophomores were no slouches when it came to activities either--Sis said every morning at 8:30 there was a big mob of them going to chorus--or band--or something. But that's a big class--there were always a lot in study hall, then, too. When they put on their amateur show in spring there was quite a bunch to help--and they all did--that's class spirit!

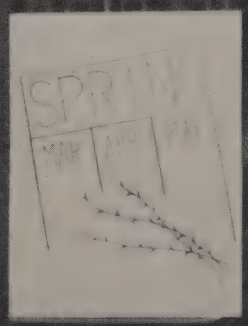
The freshmen were a law-minded class--made sure none of their rights were abused--studied the Constitution and then, with Mrs. Muncy's help, made one of their own--legal eagles! This made a difference in their conduct as a class too--like when they went down to assemblies.

Wonder if it was a February thaw that got those kids up there interested in fish? Anyway, they look like they're all wrapped up in it. Hmm, looks like the ones over in the corner are playing with steam; making steam yourself must make science more interesting than just reading about it. When they were studying about time, each of them made a clock and used pine cones for the pendulum.

Mrs. Maricle laid great importance this year on reading. As a matter of fact, Miss Clark, the grade supervisor, emphasized the reading program in all the elementary grades. Since reading is such an important basis for learning, she wants to be sure that Cincy students are competent at it. I'd say that we're lucky to have her to work with us.

Mrs. Ingersoll cooperated with this plan, too, and it paid off--'most any time you went in, you could find some child enjoying a book. Still, they weren't book-worms, by any means!

Last fall, they made a toy store--what with building and clerking and buying, they learned a lot about business and arithmetic and liked it! Then they made Christmas decorations,--took lots of trips in the boats and cars and airplanes they made, and just like all the good farmers around here, started getting their barns and animals and gardens ready for spring back in February -- Their gardens really produced and they even got some lunch vegetables out of them, I've heard.



Hope those kids up there don't fall! Amazing -- the things they do in gym now a days--found that out at the gym demonstration this spring. Cincy's Physical Education Department must be pretty outstanding all around--on my way in, I saw again the trophies they won for being Baseball and Track champs in '54; I hear they had some pretty keen competition--so winning the championships proved what the Cincy kids knew all along, that they were the best team!

Sis says everyone that isn't on varsity sports plays intramurals--there are some hot games there, too, she says.

"Dear, I do believe your mind is wandering! I think this play is a real tribute to the drama department and just shows how much hidden talent there is in Cincy." Of course, I was convinced of that, when the seniors presented their play---this spring.

Come to think of it, it was a "dramatic" spring, anyway. Mary and I learned at PTA that Mrs. Burke's sixth grade was doing a unit on drama, building their own theatre, and making puppets--(papier-mache heads and wooden bodies) to represent the different countries the sixth graders had studied.

In the spring, they took a trip to the "Bungalow House" in Cortland, to see displays from the Orient---seems to me that if more people took this much interest in world relations, everyone would be better off! With all this "world relations" talk, these pupils realized that they needed to be considerate of the people they are with every day, too, so all year they made a special effort to learn and practice courtesy.

"You know, dear, from what Mrs. Pepper told me, spring has always been the time for drama here in Cincy. A year ago this spring, Sis's class took one of their Junior plays, 'Sunday Costs 5 Pesos' to Drama Festival at Cortland State. She said that for amateur Mexicans, they did well--but that the houses were another story! It took more people to hold up the houses than to put on the play! Oh, well, they brought home a trophy anyway."

"A couple weeks before that, the class had put on this play and another one, 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' on the Cincy stage. They had to master a Scottish accent for this one. At the end, a good share of the audience was close to tears, they say."

"I wish, we'd been here to see both of them, don't you?"

Seeing those young teachers on the stage reminds me how Sis was all excited one night about Student Day at school. Seems selected juniors and seniors change places with the teachers for a day once every year. One of Sis's pals who was going to be "teacher" asked Mary if she should wear heels. I don't know what Mary told her, but I guess she had her own answer after that hectic day. It's a good experience for kids.

The students certainly have lots of valuable experiences. Seems like only a short time ago Sis was all excited about Student Senate primaries. Chuckie had informed us that two men were carrying a big metal box with a curtain on the front into the school. Sis patiently explained that that was the voting machine which they'd used.

Guess it's really important for the classes to elect good representatives since Sis says they are the ones through whom classes may make suggestions about their school problems. Sis says the halls are orderly when the Student Senate's on duty, too. Young people certainly can govern themselves when properly trained.

"It's certainly hot in here, Mary!"

"Oh, Dad, It just seems that way because those children are sitting around the fireplace in that scene of Miss Wood's room. That's just part of their morning work. Don't they look cozy?"

Yes, that's a real "cozy corner" . . . I guess corners are a specialty in that room! . . . 'way back last fall, Chuckie saw some of the second graders busily bringing in bugs and things . . . said the children had told him, "for our science corner" . . . they had leaves and cones and all sorts of things by the time they finished. When we went to the PTA meeting in October, I remember Mary and I were interested in the milkweed pod boats the second graders had made for Columbus Day and that night. During National Book Week they used another corner to display their favorite books.

I bet all the boys in that room had a big time when the grade visited the local fire station . . . most little boys want to be fire chiefs, sometime! . . . they had fun on their bus trip to Cobakco in the spring, too, so Chuckie's friends told him.

"Look at them now; they're on their way to their own post office to see where their valentines go. See that flag in front of the post office. Chuckie's friend in second grade says they give a salute to the flag every morning to start the day off right."

Chuckie says that's the way they start their grade assemblies, too. Chuckie really enjoys those grade assemblies on Fridays. I remember the night he came home from school so excited we could hardly make out what he was saying. After he had simmered down, we found out he was talking about Mrs. Mudge's sixth grade assembly. It seems they had been studying about famous men and their play included Sir Galahad and the Knights of the Silver Shield. Chuckie really liked the part where the knights killed the dragon.

Then Sis told us she'd noticed quite a lot of activity in that room---said they were building a medieval castle out of corn meal boxes and papier-mâché. Sis said it looked good enough for Sir Galahad himself.

Before the castle, it had been a terrarium that kept them busy---one of the boys told Chuckie that they were going to have a crane fly for it---offered to let Chuckie come in and see it as soon as it hatched---they worked with arts and crafts to make Christmas presents for their folks---Chuckie's pal was especially proud of his pot holder rack that he'd made for his mother.

Hmm---they look as if they were having fun at that sand table---why that must be the Willet School children.

I think I recognize a couple of them---their parents got a chance to see all they'd been doing when the school had an open house, and some friends of ours asked us to go, so we did--there was a lot to see, too!

They've made a "phonics" (I think they called it) mural, to help them learn to read---in art class they worked with clay---studied materials---they had a bulletin board that they kept interesting things on---looked as if Mrs. Carter would have her hands full, teaching all three grades, down there---she gets some help, though, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Papish go down once a week, for gym, music and art.

Isn't that library display up on stage something! I've heard a lot about the two libraries in Cincinnatus. It seems that Mrs. Geer was the librarian both in school and overtown in the Kellog Library for thirty years. Then last June she retired from the school---just when all her pleading to use the library for story hours and reference work instead of a study hall was ready to get results. But the new librarian, Mrs. Bays has made the most of these changes ---Sis was so enthusiastic about the displays she put up every month of new books and things---Mrs. Bays' story hours made a hit with Chuckie! Mrs. Geer still does a wonderful job in the Kellog Library---it's one of Cincy's proudest landmarks, and famous all over the state. Who's that coming into the library now? Maybe it's someone from the Science Club---Sis tells me one of them is often in there when she is---reading up on a new experiment---let's see, I think Sis said they were divided up into Senior and Junior groups---that's just like band!

Chuckie was in Junior band and liked it a lot---said Mrs. Harris was lots of fun AND a good director!

Look, Mary, there on stage are some of Sis's friends carrying banners. It says there on the program this is Moving Up Day. Must be this is the way it was their first day as seniors. Must be a pretty important day to those kids. Sis says it's an important day to everyone. The music students receive contest medals; classes move up a grade; and the Student Senators are inaugurated. Why, there's the Student Senate president giving his inaugural speech now.

Pretty important day for the Honor Society, too, Sis says. It's the day new members are announced and old members receive their pins. High standards of scholastic achievement are still stressed in our school. That's a fine thing!

After the Moving-up Day formalities were over, the Seniors whooped off to their picnic! Sis came home tired and sunburned, but happy.

A couple of weeks later, Sis was off to another picnic---the Juniors were treating the Seniors. "More sunburn---more fun!" said Sis.

The faculty was right in style---they had parties of their own. They have parties to honor faculty members who are leaving---this year they had one in January, too, for Mr. Merhige.

A few days ago, the four of us went on a family picnic---Sis and I went for a walk---she sat down under a tree---awfully quiet---I could almost hear her thinking "What's next; what will we all be doing tomorrow---a month from today, ten years from now?" Pretty serious business when you stop to think of it!

The Alumni Association invited the Seniors to be their guests at their annual Banquet.

Mrs. Clyde Bliss '13
Mrs. Ivan Harvey '13
Mrs. Gerald Beckwith '20
Thomas Cass '28
Mrs. Edna Baldwin '28
Mr. Sheldon Baldwin '30
Miss Nina L. Miller '33
Mrs. Arlene Dailey '34
Paul Harvey '37
Mrs. Douglas Jewell '38
Mrs. William Freeman '38
Mrs. Ellenea Hammond Lyke '40
Seward Totman '41
Curtis Gardner '44
Mrs. Curtis Gardner '44
Mrs. Ruthella Oros '46
John D. Davis '46

Mrs. Mary Sturdevant '48
Arlene Gardner '48
Mrs. Harold Jordan '48
William Freeman '48
Donald Potter '49
Helen Oros '49
Clarence Totman '49
Paul Gates '49
Richard Auwarter '50
Lawrence Ufford '50
Mary Harvey Davis '51
Adah Muncy Harvey '52
Mrs. Clarence Totman '52
Margaret Oros '53
Connie Wheeler '54

Then came the BIG day the Seniors had all waited half hopefully and half fearfully for---the yearbooks came! When they got their first look at this, their own yearbook, well, they were really up in the clouds! Sis said that now they were doubly thankful to their sponsors:

Dr. and Mrs. George Landwehr	Cincinnatus	New York
Payne Brothers	Cortland	New York
Winters	2 Main Street, Cortland	New York
Dr. Frank Ulrichs	1 South Broad, Norwich	New York
Harrington Brothers	14 Central Ave., Cortland	New York
The Powers Regulator Co.	Syracuse	New York
Dr. A. P. Windheim	1 South Broad, Norwich	New York
Loomis Hayloft	North Pitcher	New York
Dr. Donald Maddy	DeRuyter	New York
Bill's Barber Shop	Cincinnatus	New York

So, then, Sis turned to Mary and me with a big smile and invited us to a Parent-Senior Banquet for a few nights later. Of course, we said "yes" quickly. We were really pleased to think the kids wanted to spend some of this last hectic time with us!

The two class advisors were there, and it was plain to see how much the kids thought of them.

MRS. PEPPER, whose enthusiasm and sincere support of their efforts had kept them going all year, so Sis said,

and MR. OFSLAGER, who was making a place for himself in the community and who will always be a very special part of Sis's Senior memories.

When Mary and I came in, we noticed the Family Center the Seniors had set up---but it never occurred to us parents that it was there for quite so special a purpose. All of a sudden, there was a suspicious smarting in my eyes---and by the looks of things, other parents were having the same trouble---I think I'll always remember what came next---

Love's a funny thing, isn't it, Mom and Dad? It's sort of hard to talk about; when we try, we usually end up calling each other "rattleface" or "squirt," or 'most anything. We quite often forget about it from day to day, 'cause we're so busy grabbing a mouthful of food, a couple hours' sleep, and then ramming off somewhere again. But, we can recognize love; when the two of you sit at the table, long after we've left, with the love that brought you together in the first place shining out of your eyes, we, dumb as we often seem, can easily recognize the symptoms. And when you wait an hour in 0° weather for the bus to get in, or bravely let us take the car . . . "I've just GOT to go to Cortland, Dad!" . . . Well, it MUST be love that makes you so patient! We've got more news for you, too . . . we can FEEL love! Next year, when we go to our own farm, to college, to a new home . . . for two, to our first job, we won't be under foot much. But the ideas and ideals you've given us, and the social example you've set us (and that we're TRYING to live up to) will still be a warm, close bond between us. Then, if you start to miss us as much as we'll miss you, and that letter from us just doesn't come even when it's high time for it to, well, Mom and Dad, please open up your yearbook to this page, and remember: WE DEDICATED THIS BOOK TO YOU, BECAUSE WE LOVE YOU.

Last night was the Baccalaureate Service at school. When the faculty got all lined up, along with the Seniors and the school board and everyone, it made a mighty formal, imposing line---according to Sis, they didn't look much like the informal "human" creatures who eat lunch in the cafeteria each noon. They probably need the relaxation they get then to go on teaching for the rest of the day---Mrs. Gardner would need some relaxation too, I should think, after a day of typing and filing and giving bus permits and a hundred other things.

Mixed Chorus looked pretty solemn, as they marched in, too---when it was time for the chorus to sing, the senior members came from their places in their caps and gowns to sing with them---another "last time."

And now it's Class Night--the night of fun before the solemnity of Commencement takes over. When I close my eyes, I can just picture Sis in her cap and gown coming in for the biggest night of her life.

There will be an outside speaker, but he won't say anything to them more meaningful than the "Principal's Message to the Seniors" that Mr. Sleight wrote for their yearbook.

"Members of the Class of 1955:

As you approach one of the great milestones in your lives, we congratulate you. And now perhaps you might ask the question, "Why congratulations?" Our answer is that your accomplishments are worthy of recognition and praise.

Scholastically you have been much more successful than the average graduating class. The fact that approximately fifty per cent of the members of the class are planning to continue their studies after high school graduation speaks for itself.

However, your ability to work together and to attack various projects in a manner that excels the best efforts of most adult groups, merits a tremendous amount of praise. You have exemplified the old adage that with every privilege comes a responsibility. For, to be a good member of a democratic society you must do more than obey its laws and customs. It is necessary that you accept your share of responsibility in any group to which you belong. Each member of your class has taken responsibilities in the true democratic sense of the word.

As the years roll by, I am very sure that the faculty and student body of this school are going to feel a great deal of pride whenever the Class of '55 is mentioned."

And while the speaker's talking, the kids'll be half listening, half day-dreaming, about these last four years and all they've done.

MR. SLEIGHT

"Gee! I'm going to miss school! Cheerleading . . . especially doing Bob's personal . . . I don't think I'll ever forget the night of our senior ball, when Geary and I were crowned . . . or all the fun rehearsals were, when we were getting ready to put on "Sunday Costs 5 Pesos" . . . and that swell spaghetti supper after the plays . . . No more orchestra rehearsals and all that fooling around in the brass section, either . . . darn it! Singing in Girls' Chorus and Mixed Chorus . . . going to contest and select chorus. I've got a sneaking suspicion these have been some of the best years of my life.

Sally Baldwin

"Never did understand that Law. But that was just one of my worries . . . Junior play time meant posters to be designed . . . soccer and track kept me well informed for Athletic Association meetings . . . never quite made a championship intramural team either, though we seniors did come close once (4th). Still got marks on my back from carrying that bass drum. Seems to me they could have rolled it. But then it might have hit Mr. Wilbur and . . . oh! oh! I'd better leave fast and get to Law class. Say, no I don't, it's all over . . . Gee!

Clyde Beach

"Gee, I'll sure miss going to school next year . . . What a time I had with make-up at the Junior plays. Got almost more make-up on myself than on the other characters . . . Maxwell Citizenship Conference . . . I was really pleased and surprised when the class nominated me to go . . . I learned a lot there . . . Wish I could play some more intramural games . . . had some rough ones, but it was a lot of fun . . . Student Day '54, now I know what teachers go through every day . . . being social studies teacher for Mr. Robinson showed me that being a teacher is not all peaches and cream, but it has its rewards . . . we'll see!

Marlene Bush

"Oh where's my class ring? . . . I must have left it home on the kitchen sink . . . that ring stands for a lot to me . . . being in the senior ball court . . . that wonderful week at Girls' State . . . all those "Old Lady" rehearsals . . . being Honor Society treasurer and president . . . Junior Red Cross representative and president . . . class vice-president this year . . . Student Senate . . . newspaper and drama club . . . I think the happiest day of my life was the day the last yearbook page was mailed! . . . being the editor! . . . those Music Council meetings were a riot! . . . Girls' Chorus . . . Sally and I just had to talk! . . . Mixed Chorus . . . Select Chorus . . . what a work-out . . . but we really learned something as well as having a lot of fun . . . hope Mary enjoys being first violin now . . . I'll miss it . . . all those rehearsals and all that talk! School really is going to be quiet when we (?) leave!

Jane Cass

Bob Churchill

"Remember the day we had to hold up the houses in the Junior Play at Cortland? Gosh . . . what a dreamy night at the Blue Moon Prom . . . I went home Prince with Sharon as Princess . . . Band, Orchestra, Chorus, Basketball, and Cross Country all earned me letters to clutter up my bedroom walls . . . singing with the Four Notes earned money to clutter up my pockets . . . then that Senior year . . . being President nearly finished me . . . Cameras were my greatest hate by the time I finished being the yearbook Photo Editor Gee Whiz . . now I won't see Sally every day . . . that means more miles on the Chevy now that school's out."

"Well, no more walking to school on cold mornings! And someone else can worry about the senior mon(k)ey business (and how they don't pay their dues). . . . What would I have done without band and orchestra to get me out of study halls? I remember how nervous I was the first year I went into contest . . . the next year it wasn't so bad . . . All-State was fun, too. Those noon intramurals . . . and my "wonderful" refereeing, Oh Brother!

Joyce Davis

"So this is what it was like for Viv last June! I'm glad I'm graduating, but it's going to seem sort of funny, next year, to come to a basketball game, and not be cheerleading . . . to see Girls' Chorus and Mixed Chorus at their concerts and not be in them . . . hope the new Student Senate treasurer and secretary keep things straight . . . like I didn't! Come to think about it, I guess I was class treasurer and Vice-President a couple of years . . . oh joy! how surprised I was when the class elected me the DAR "good citizen" . . . I really worked on that composition . . . my biggest thrill, I think, was being Prom Princess . . . School was so many nice surprises!

Sharon Duncan

"Seems to me I've always been on the mechanical end of things . . . like that time I wired up Mr. Dodge's compressor to paint the Christmas tree for our Ball. I've worn out many a shoe running up and down stairs to operate lights for plays and any other light that's needed . . . to say nothing of the money I wore out for shells in the rifle club. Between F.F.A. activities and those rough intramurals, I found very little time to rest. So . . . I'd sleep eighth periods. Never again will Mr. Ofslager have to wake me up."

Keith Fisk

"Have more time to hunt coons now! My rifle club training will come in handy! Gonna miss F.F.A. too . . . had a lot of fun at Oswe . . . Oswe . . . well, anyway that F.F.A. camp! Puttin' on those Junior plays was a lot of work . . . so was the yearbook . . . they were both worth it, though, I guess. My intramural team was quite a bunch . . . good guys!

Ward Fox

"Seems funny not to be in the Orchestra down there. N.Y.S.S.M.A. Orchestra was fun . . . worked hard there, had more fun "monkeying around" though . . . What a headache that yearbook was . . . never thought photography could be so difficult. Intramurals were certainly fun. (Especially when we beat the other Senior team?) . . . Music certainly played a large part in my school life. Girls' Chorus, Mixed Chorus, Music Council . . . had fun there.

Ruth Esther Harvey

Lee Hoellerer

"I really learned to appreciate music during my four years of band, orchestra, and chorus . . . And how about that All-State chorus at New Hartford . . . I learned to appreciate other things, too . . . Look at all the money I handled during my reign as treasurer of the class and the Student Senate . . . Gee, come to think of it, I'll miss those Senate meetings . . . and those Music Council meetings on the same days as baseball games. Oh! Oh! I'm going to have to PAY to see basketball games now. Gosh, I can't afford to graduate!"

"I believe I'll actually miss being dragged out of bed to go to school. Once I got there, it wasn't so bad . . . especially days when we had soccer or a basketball game. Track and baseball weren't bad . . . still I'd rather be over on the tennis court with the girls. I wonder if my Dad ever realized that I didn't ALWAYS break my glasses while I was playing sports. Darn girls . . . I told them to be carefull But I could always see, as long as Mr. Springer's glue and Scotch tape held out. He'll sure have a lot more now that I'm not around. I sure got my money's worth out of school."

Charles Jackson

"Wonder who will be playing my cello next year . . . I sure had a lot of fun playing in orchestra . . . going to Contest and Tri-county orchestra . . . my school life would certainly have been different if there'd been no music activities . . . Girls' Chorus or Mixed Chorus, Select Chorus . . . Music Council . . . I'd sure hate to whine all the time like Mrs. Haggerty in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals!" but I wouldn't have missed being in it for anything . . . F.H.A. . . . fair supervisor . . . class secretary all those years . . and that yearbook! What a struggle!

Patricia King

"I'm glad we moved back to Cincy so I could graduate here . . . I liked it in Hartford though . . . singing in Glee Club . . . F.H.A. meetings . . . all of us "would be" artists in Art Club . . . we liked what we did, anyway! . . . intramurals . . . track . . . basketball . . . volleyball . . . still had intramurals when I came back to Cincy, too . . . I loved volleyball . . . I wouldn't have missed working on the yearbook, either! Those dividers, with the crazy designs! My art experience sure came in handy there . . .

Beverly Lewis

"Hope my diploma's really in that folder! Oh, really, I suppose I'll miss school some . . . especially the music and sports. No more singing in Mr. Wilbur's favorite second bass section . . . or going to All-state sectionals . . . and that really great All State Conference . . . how much we all liked that director! And band . . . those all day marches in Sherburne . . , Cortland, Oxford . . . Music Council meetings . . . and me president, think of that! I'm gonna have to come back and check up on the soccer team . . . see if the new center half back is on the ball! Basketball, too . . . Golly, school wasn't so bad after all.

Geary Livermore

"Gee! this 4th of July will be the last time I'll be a majorette with the band! It'll seem queer to watch someone else in my shoes after this . . . going to Contest with my twirling . . . all the fun we had in Dramatic Club . . . tracking down props for our Junior Plays . . . intramurals at noon . . . I liked volleyball about the best . . . those two years in Newspaper Club with Mr. Robinson . . . practicing for the gym demonstrations . . . bet we looked sort of funny, rolling around the floor!

Mary Locke

Mary Beck

"My F.H.A. training is going to come in handy! . . . White Christmas Ball . . . I'll always remember when the orchestra played that song 'cause John and I'd just gotten engaged . . . if we'd had a newspaper club like we did the first two years, that would probably've been page 1, item 1. I'm going to miss Girls' Chorus and Mixed Chorus . . . All State was fun this year.

"Now that I'm graduating I won't have any excuse for coming to town. No more ice cream socials or rolling my car over on the way home. (Pitcher???) . . . I'll miss my daily run on Sawyer's airport, too. My $10 track shoes will have to be worn to clean the barn . . . and only the cows will have to listen to my singing??? I'll never forget those noon-hour intramurals . . . especially the day we played the faculty. What a game! . . . No rules . . . every man for himself. Gosh . . . who do you suppose will play bass in orchestra? Well that's Mr. Wilbur's worry or good fortune. Depends on how you look at it."

John Rathbone

Ann Riffanacht

"Oh . . . there's Mrs. Bickford down there . . . gee, I'm glad I got a chance to work with her so much . . . going to Willet School was quite an experience . . . but it was fun . . . when I taught for her on Student Day, just made me more sure I wanted to be a gym teacher . . . I pity my pupils! . . . cheerleading . . . Mr. Sleight was always teasing me about cheering so hard . . . I didn't REALLY mind . . . intramurals . . . say, our senior team was volleyball champ . . . how 'bout that! . . . our junior plays . . . I never knew there was so much work to prompting . . . but plays weren't half as much work as the yearbook! . . . for awhile, I was doing lay outs in my sleep . . . I liked Girls' Chorus and Mixed Chorus . . . guess I'd better pay attention . . .

'How did I get up here? Sure didn't pass my English by writing compositions to Tommy . . . I'll never forget the time I got stuck in the German hills when I was taking driver training. Now, why do men think women are bad drivers? . . . Those Junior plays . . . Sharon certainly knew how to fight . . . even ripped my blouse at a rehearsal. Probably did it on purpose . . . We had fun together on the Senior Ball court . . . Art class . . . I never did get my valentine made for Tommy . . . Jane kept knocking it all apart . . . Guess I deserved it. She never got hers finished either.

Martha Salisbury

Ray Seigeat

"I'll never forget the wild rides in the driver training car with Martha and Geary . . . or the day I brought a transmission to school for class . . . F.F.A. kept me on the good side of Mr. Dodge while intramurals kept me pretty well beat up and on the good side of the "Doc." Sorry it's all gone."

"I'm glad we moved to Cincy, I've had such a good time here . . . playing on the soccer team . . . making people walk around me when I stood on hall duty for Student Senate . . . clowning around in Honor Society meetings and Junior Red Cross . . . going on trips with F.F.A. . . . being a Mexican gent in our Junior play! I remember our Blue Moon Prom . . . I didn't 'specially want to come, but then I was in the court, so I did . . . had fun, too!

Eric Purchman

Geraldine Heaver

"Here I am ready to graduate . . . All those times I marched in Sherburne . . . Those poor band uniforms really take a beating, soaked by the rain every year . . . What a time I had at Junior play rehearsals . . . Mexican people certainly couldn't have such silly ideas for getting their men. I got all tired out from trying to keep everybody happy . . . What an intramural game that was when the two senior teams played, they practically killed each other. Oh, well!

"F.F.A. and basketball . . . basketball and F.F.A. Let's see . . . what else did I do? I can always talk about "me and Harold's" getting all them baskets . . . and Mr. Wilbur's complaining of my strained tenor voice . . . As for being on the Junior Prom court as well as the Senior Ball court . . . I hate neckties. Seeing all those girls there helped though. Golly, they looked good enough to eat . . . Never did get all my yearbook ads sold. Guess it's too late now."

Jack Wood

What a relief . . . no more letters to write for the Senior Class . . . Being corresponding secretary for Seniors sure made my arm ache . . . I'll miss playing the clarinet . . . Marching all day July 4 . . . Seems like it always rains that day . . . Certainly got my feet wet walking through those mud puddles . . . Thought that banquet committee never would meet . . . I hate to leave all this though.

Doris Young

"This'll be an event to tell my grandchildren. Let's see . . . I could tell them about Student Senate meetings the year I was president . . . the times I had at chorus and band rehearsals . . . Oh, yes . . . "Private Kenneth Dowey" my Junior year. Gee, I'll never forget the day I broke the pole vaulting record . . . Soccer and baseball really kept me batting that ball around . . . Extra after-school activities occupied my spare time. "The Four Notes" . . . I remember the Chamber of Commerce banquet where we sang. Good Food! . . . I suppose I'll miss it all."

Wayne Young

Vinnie Youngs

"This Commencement is different from what I thought it would be four years ago, back in Knoxville! . . . so much fun down there . . . J V cheerleading . . . trying to keep track of Student Council money . . . playing the piano for Glee Club . . . that girls' basketball team . . . being in the Harvest Queen's Court . . . I felt awful about moving, but it WAS fun to come back to Cincy! Girls' Chorus . . . Mixed Chorus . . . the Christmas sextette up in the projection room when we all got to laughing so hard and blamed it on the flashlight! Orchestra . . . violin class . . . how long I spent practicing my lesson! . . . being the "Old Lady" . . . that was a thrill I'll never forget! . . . All those nonexistent Athletic Association meetings . . . took the minutes . . . being Mrs. Osborne for a day . . . the Citizenship Conference in Syracuse . . . National Honor Society . . . and those umpteen yearbook meetings! . . . it's a good thing Jane had a lot of patience . . . never laughed so much (or worked so hard?) in my life . . . nice work if you can get it!

Yes, to Sis and me this will always be the greatest class that ever was. Glad we moved to Cincinnatus. Glad we came to Sis's Class Night:

"As senior president, I have the privilege of presenting to you, the president of the junior class, this key, one of the most cherished traditions of our school. Decorated with the ribbons of past senior classes, it has unlocked for us a wealth of unforgettable associations and new experiences that have, we hope, helped to develop in us the qualities necessary to be worthwhile citizens of our town. As we proudly add the ribbons of the Class of '55, we give you this key and charge you always to keep its honor bright, the symbol of the finest in our school, the heart of our town."

May Sis's town and others like it survive any challenges to their freedom

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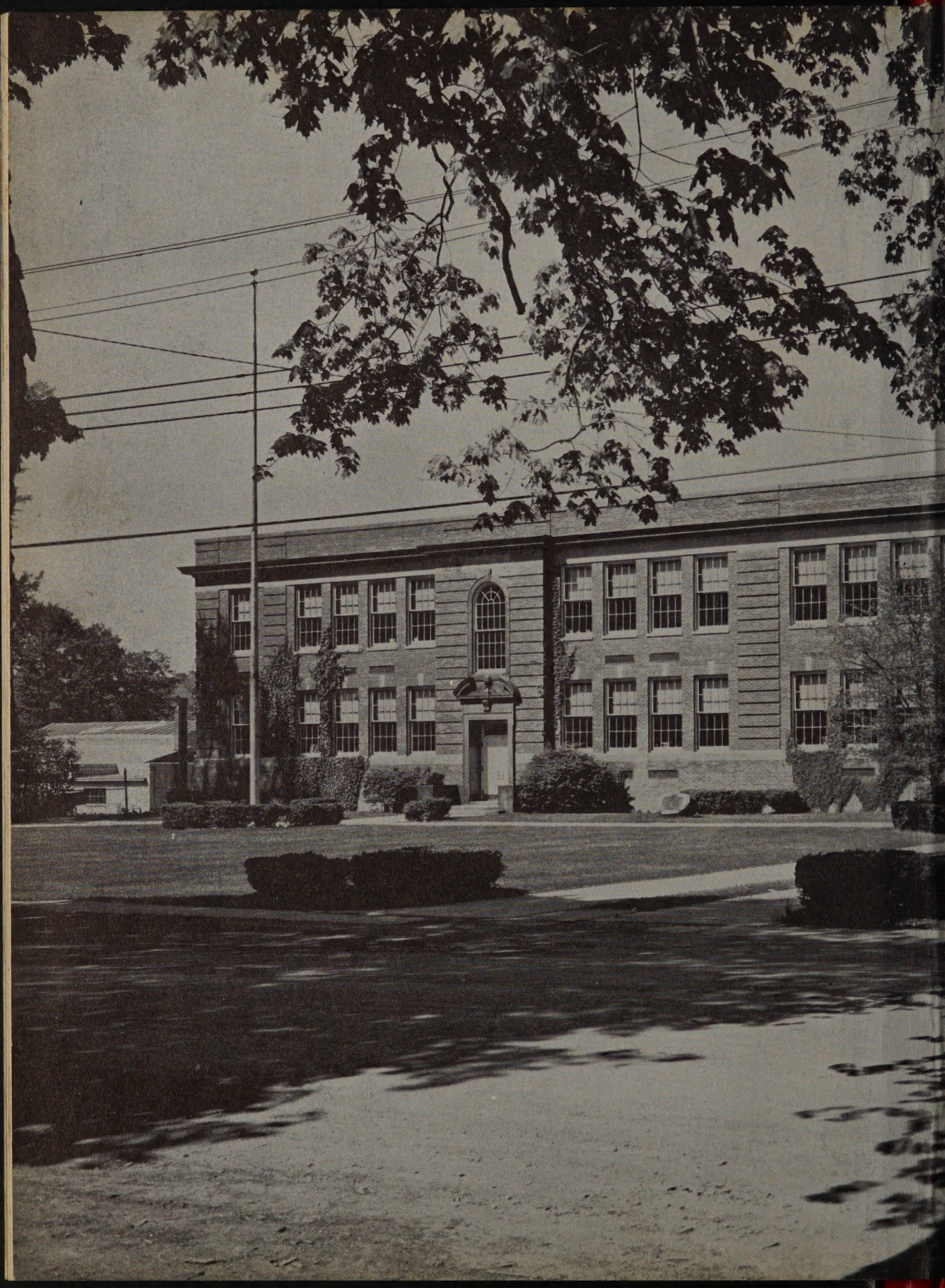

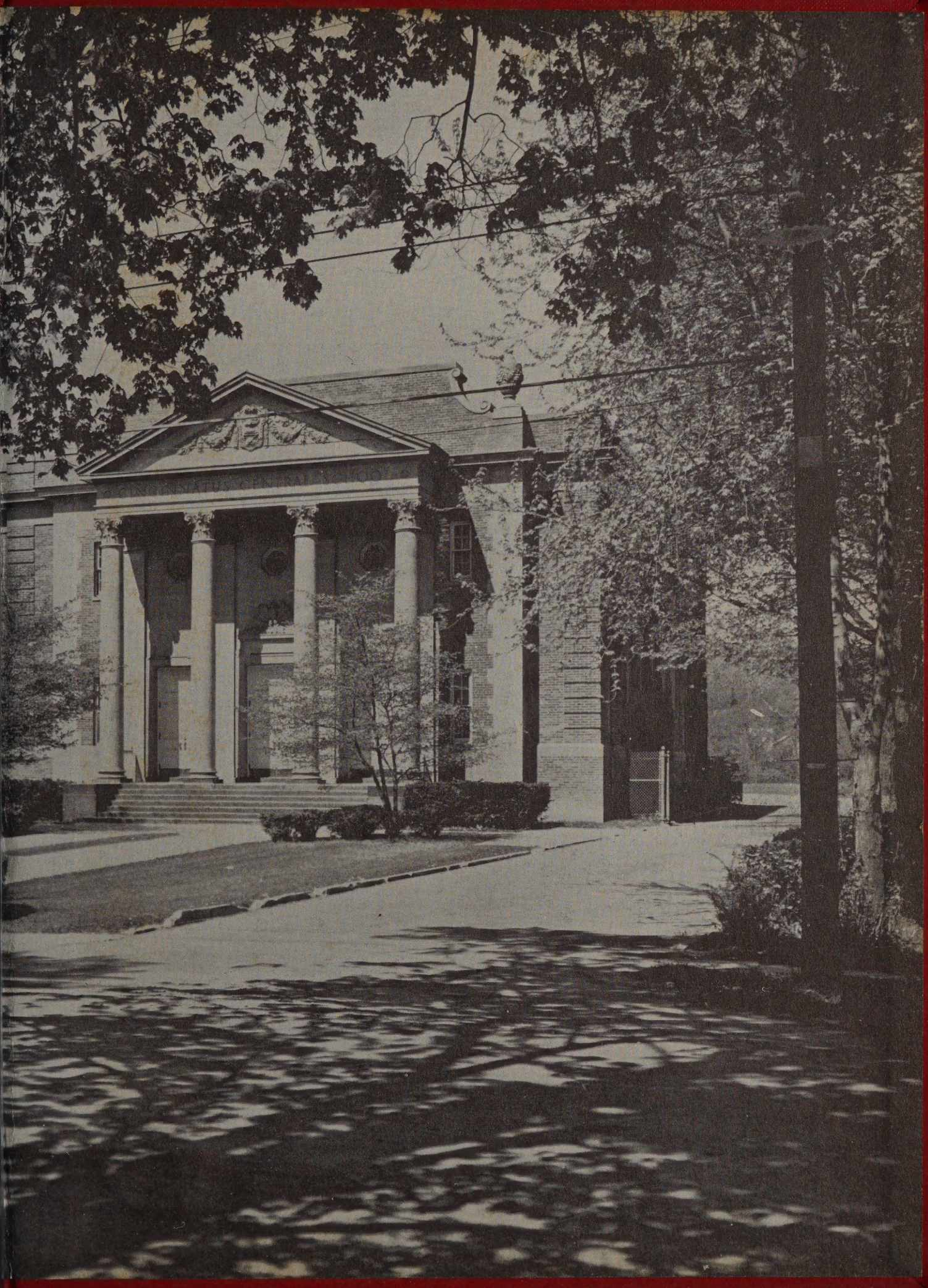


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